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The Indian Interpreter

No. 2] JULY, 1919 [VOL. XIV

EDITORIAL NOTES

Peace, when there is no peace

PEACE has come, but can we be sure that it is the gift of the Author of peace and Lover of concord? Will it prove to be, as so many of its predecessors have been, only the sowing for another harvest of blood in days to come? Have the statesmen at Versailles, even with Mr. Wilson, upon whom we had set our hopes, among them, sown once more the old cruel crop of hate? It is not easy at this distance to judge confidently as to the details of the terms. Taken one by one they may be vindicated as strictly just and such as Germany deserves. But the spirit that animated the whole appears to be the spirit of revenge and not, as we had hoped it would be, the spirit of a higher and serener justice, one which sought for a way that would lead to reconciliation. There remains, however, the fact that the groundwork of the Treaty is the League of Nations and we still pray and trust that God, who maketh light to shine out of darkness, will kindle from that spark of as yet unextinguished idealism a flame which shall scatter the darkness and bring in that day of illumination and of concord which so many deeply and passionately desire.

Force no remedy

We must reaffirm to ourselves, as a truth to which we hold in spite of every wrong done to us, every outrage wrought by those who act as our enemies, that force is never any remedy of ill, that violence and oppression can accomplish no good and avert no evil. In India, as in Europe, we see the old brutal custom followed of seeking to cast out Satan by the help of Satan. 'Clemency Canning' is as much needed to-day as he was sixty years ago, but he has not yet appeared. 'Martial law and no damned nonsense' will vindicate law and the justice that rests upon power; it will not heal or reconcile. We trust that the Commission that is to conduct an enquiry into the recent outbreaks will seek for their

causes and endeavour to remove them. Human nature is as yet a very brutal thing and the tiger is soon loose in a multitude that has seen red. The lesson of *ahimsa* is as yet very far from being learned by the mob of Ahmedabad and Amritsar. Nor has it been fully learned even by their rulers. The slowness of the coming of the Kingdom of God, the stubbornness of men's hearts everywhere must griéve—if we may apply to Him our human forms of speech—the heart of God. 'O faithless generation,' said Jesus, 'how long shall I suffer you?' 'Only,' in the words of Browning, 'a reason *out of nature* can make these hard hearts soft.' The 'reason out of nature' is God, whose Kingdom Christ with His pure eyes saw near and coming. 'O fools and blind,' He cried, as he saw men, then as now, following selfish ends to a world of strife and folly. The blessedness of the Kingdom, as He proclaims it, is a blessedness that comes 'to those who have ceased to demand.' When men have reached that attitude the Kingdom will have come—Peace, 'my peace,' says Jesus, 'which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away.'

Narayan Vaman Tilak

The death of Rev. N. V. Tilak has removed from among us one who, by the judgement of those capable of judging, was one of the great poets of India, as he certainly was one of the most outstanding personalities of the Indian Christian Church. Of his poetic gifts the writer of these notes cannot give an opinion that is of any value, but in the next issue of the *Indian Interpreter* Professor W. B. Patwardhan of the Fergusson College, Poona, will write on this subject with knowledge and authority. Meantime, to enable the non-Maratha to appreciate in some measure Mr. Tilak's qualities we shall translate from a recent Marathi work by an expert in the study of that language and its literature, Mr. Ramkrishna Bhakaji Joshi, an appreciation of this poet and his work. 'Rev. N. V. Tilak,' says Mr. Joshi, 'is a poet of divine love who has written many short poems. He has such a command of Marathi that in the language of his poetry he seems to be using the ordinary speech of every day. He is the friend, as it were, of common things, of trees and leaves and flowers. As we listen to the poet talking with them we, too, almost without knowing it, are made one with these things. He is also the author of some long poems which prove his ability to produce a great poem. While Tilak is a poet of quite a new type he has not abandoned what is old but discovers from it new ideas. He

has produced poems of many kinds on a great variety of subjects. He is the first to introduce into Marathi short poems similar to the lyrical and other poetry of the West and new verse forms after English models. In this he has had many imitators. He has also introduced new poetic modes of teaching devotional and spiritual truth. His language is full of grace and tenderness. Christian as he is, we Hindus can enjoy his devotional poems. Sometimes, however, he is so completely astray in his conception of Hindu philosophical and religious thought that his readers have to part company with him and his verses lose all their charm. Some of his poetic work is on a larger scale, as, for example, his " Vanvāsi Phul " (Desert Flowers), a beautiful reflective poem.' In this appreciation of Mr. Tilak's work we have a testimony all the more valuable as it is given by a Hindu who does not conceal the fact that the strongly Christian character of all that Mr. Tilak wrote is repellent to him. Yet in spite of this fact Mr. Tilak conquered to himself a very great place in the admiration and reverence of his Hindu fellow countrymen. That his influence will continue to be widespread and deep one can hardly doubt. The familiar saying that the maker of a people's song wields a far more powerful influence than the maker of their laws is especially true in a land like this where the love of song is so universal.

His Influence

As no one can ever measure the influence that poets like Tukaram and Ramdas exerted and still exert, so one cannot measure the influence now and increasingly in the years to come of this sweet singer. One can be confident that the Christian element in his poetry will give it increasing power and winningness as the years pass. He fetches his refreshment from a deeper spring than Tukaram himself. At the same time he writes always as a passionate patriot. The author of ' Āmachā prīyakara Hindistān ' has done more to deepen and make articulate the patriotism of Maharaṣṭra than many who are proclaimed as political leaders. His poetry is of the simple and passionate order that is of all the most difficult to render into another tongue, but even in the crudest translation one catches glimpses of the poet's passionate pride in his land and its great gifts and greater possibilities.

O Hindistan, my own, so dear!
All bliss, all excellence is here,
O Hindistan, my own, so dear!

In thee I glory, for thee fear.
O Hindistan, my own, so dear!
My boasting's set for ever here.

My wealth, my thoughts, ay, verily,
My life itself I give to thee,
My Hindistan, so dear to me!

His patriotism finds him a way at once to the heart of his countrymen. But there are deeper loves in his heart than this, and no one who reads his devotional poems can doubt that Christ held the central place there. His *Abhanganjali*, which has not yet been published in volume form, is a wreath of songs, all fragrance and passion, that he has woven in his Master's praise. A translation of one of these under the title 'Insatiate' appeared in a recent number of the *Indian Interpreter* and suggests his passion of desire to drink yet deeper at the well of life and love that had opened for him in Christ. Another and earlier poem called 'Henceforth' has a refrain expressing the same spirit.

Henceforward all I have is Thine;
Naught that concerns me now is mine.
Henceforward Thine the life I live;
All, all my world to Thee I give.
O grant me this, my Lord, I pray,
And take my selfishness away.
So henceforth, Thou, my Lord, my own,
My brother art, my King alone.

But there is one aspect of Mr. Tilak's religious genius that is of peculiar value and interest. It shows him, Christian as he was, to be in the true succession of the Maratha *bhaktas*. The deep and passionate desire of Tukaram and Namdev and the great poets and saints of Maharaṣtra is for fellowship with God. Their complaint and all their weariness and unrest come from separation from the Source of life and love.

Here tower the hills of passion and of lust:
Far off the Infinite!
No path I find, and all impassable
Fronts me the hostile height.

Narayan Vaman Tilak had found the path and his hymns rejoice in his attainment through Christ Jesus of the goal of union. In his divine discontent with anything less than access to the Source of life, his recognition that only there is rest, he is a true inheritor of the great *bhakti* tradition of his people and brings this treasure with him for its enrichment into the Christian Church.

TWO GREAT BENEFACTORS OF HUMANITY JOSEPH LISTER AND LOUIS PASTEUR

By Helen M. McMillan, M.B., Ch.B.

THE subject of the lecture to-day is a study of the lives and work of two of the great men of last century—Lister and Pasteur—who well deserve the name of Benefactors of Humanity. As the years go by the importance of their discoveries becomes more and more evident, and it is no exaggeration to say that they have revolutionized not only medicine and surgery but veterinary science, hygiene and many chemical processes used in manufactures.

Let us begin with Lister whose name is chiefly associated with the antiseptic treatment of wounds. Joseph Lister was born in London in 1827. His father was wealthy and belonged to a good family, and he was also interested in science. As a child the elder Lister was short-sighted and in order to see the landscape more clearly from his nursery window, he was accustomed to look through an air-bubble which was in the glass of the window-pane. The air-bubble acted as a lens and this simple observation led him on to the study of lenses until he had evolved the first perfect English achromatic microscope. From his father young Lister inherited this scientific spirit and a great interest in microscopic research work. Lister had a very happy childhood, was of a grave disposition, very truthful and seemed early to realize his duty to his fellow-men. He was a very thorough pupil at school but showed no special brilliance up to the time when he took his B.A. degree in 1847. Then he began the study of medicine, and at once showed that this was his vocation. He was the best student in his year, and in 1852 took the M.B. degree of London with a gold medal in surgery. For a time he acted as house-surgeon in a London hospital and then was sent by one of his teachers to Professor Syme of Edinburgh. James Syme was one of the greatest surgeons of his day, a man

of great power and he had also an inventive genius, among other things having invented the substance now known as 'Mackintosh'. Lister and Syme at once took to each other. Lister became Syme's house-surgeon and from him learned much, and the two together performed many wonderful operations. We have a description of Lister's appearance at this time. He had a very finely proportioned body, a large intellectual head, broad high brow, and grave earnest face. In 1856 he married Agnes Syme, the daughter of his 'chief'. They had no children, but in every other respect the marriage was an ideal one. Lister's wife was his constant companion, keenly interested in all his work and plans, often sitting at his side taking down notes of his observations. He became Assistant Surgeon in Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, a position in which he had more time for research. From his father he inherited an interest in the microscope and from his father-in-law an interest in surgery, and in the coming years he showed to what a marvellous extent surgery could he helped by microscopic research. At first Lister studied the process of inflammation under the microscope, and came to understand the vitality of the individual cells of the body and the effect on them of injury. He also studied the clotting of blood, and the action of the tiny muscles which contract or relax the small arteries and in this work he would spend long hours of watching and experimenting. In 1860 Lister was appointed Professor of Clinical Surgery in Glasgow at the age of thirty-three, and a year later was given charge of wards in the Glasgow Infirmary, which is now famous as the place where Lister worked out his antiseptic theory, and was able to show by practical results what a beneficent change it was to make in all surgical practice.

Hospitals in Europe in those days showed very clearly the danger of charity without understanding. They were places specially built so that sick and injured persons might get the best care and attention and the doctors and nurses did all that they could. But the rise of industrialism and the increase in city populations had led to over-crowding in the hospitals and to weakened constitutions, with the result that among hospital patients almost every wound suppurated, and the mortality both after injuries and operations was appalling. It was found that out of 1,000 cases of amputation of a limb operated on in the country 110 died, while out of the same number done in the city hospitals 420 died. Every wound in hospital invariably became infected, it poured out pus, and the collecting together of many

sick made the poison more deadly. The descriptions in the medical text-books of those days give a terrible picture—the gradual destruction of the tissues of a limb by suppuration and gangrene, the fever and wasting of the patient, the agony he suffered, till he had lost even the desire to live. All this ending in death, or if recovery then a man probably maimed for life and with his health permanently lost. Hospital gangrene and blood-poisoning were at times epidemic. In one hospital in Paris out of every 100 patients who entered, twenty-five died. In a hospital in Munich at one time eighty out of 100 died. In 1847 chloroform was first used as an anaesthetic, and by means of it operations which before were considered impossible, were now performed. This great boon opened out an apparently new era for surgery. But more operations meant more infection, more gangrene, more blood-poisoning, and hospitals instead of being 'houses of healing' were more often 'houses of death'. Glasgow is a large manufacturing city and accidents were frequent in the shipping yards and factories, and the men to whom these accidents happened were often sickly and had little power to resist the diseases from which even strong men died. In the wards to which Lister came, all forms of blood-poisoning were common. Out of 100 men who had limbs amputated, thirty-nine died and many others were enfeebled for life. Most surgeons though horrified at this state of things, submitted to it as inevitable. But Lister was not of this nature. He was ashamed that he had so often to report deaths from these infections, and he pondered much over the possible causes of these diseases. Why was it that when a limb was broken but the skin remained whole, he could promise his patient recovery without the horrors and dangers of suppuration, while if the skin were broken the unfortunate patient would have to endure a long time of suppuration and perhaps in the end lose his limb? Lister pointed out these things to his students and on one occasion said: 'I cannot help thinking that the man who is able to explain this problem will gain for himself undying fame.' Lister tried by great cleanliness to prevent suppuration, but still failed. About this time a French chemist named Louis Pasteur after much study and many experiments came to the conclusion that the process known as fermentation was due to minute living organisms. A step further and it was proved that putrefaction also is due to tiny organisms which were given the name of 'microbes'. Pasteur published his great discovery first in 1856. Lister read

French and German as well as English scientific literature and was always thinking of his great problem as to how to discover the cause of suppuration and the means of preventing it. In 1865 he read an account of the Frenchman's conclusions and at once felt that these facts would solve his problem. Pasteur himself once said : 'Chance favours the mind that is prepared,' and Lister at once began practical work with Pasteur's discovery as a basis. It was proved that putrefaction and suppuration are due to microbes—tiny living organisms which can only be seen through a strong microscope. Now Lister's object in his surgical work was (1) to destroy microbes which from accident or operation had reached the tissues of the patient, and (2) to prevent fresh microbes from getting to the wound. He chose a chemical substance called carbolic acid which was found to kill these microbes or germs and is therefore called an 'antiseptic'. The first patients on whom antiseptic treatment was tried, were cases of compound fracture, where not only the bone was broken but the skin also torn, and microbes had entered the tissues. Lister himself superintended the dressings and was extremely particular about every detail. How anxiously he watched the general condition of his patients and also the state of the wounds, and what a relief it was to find, instead of the patient becoming seriously ill, and instead of pus pouring out of the wound, the man happy and comfortable and the wound healing quietly. Out of thirteen cases of compound fracture treated during eighteen months in Lister's wards only two died, and they had been very seriously hurt. Gradually Lister applied his antiseptic method to other conditions. Many patients especially young people suffered from what was then called 'cold abscess' now known to be a tubercular affection. These abscesses when opened always became infected with the microbes of suppuration, and the patient rapidly wasted away. Lister began to use carbolic when opening these abscesses and also tried by special dressings to prevent any microbes getting into the wound, and he had great success and was able to announce 'the element of incurability has been eliminated.' The new method also made operations safe which formerly could not be attempted and there are many operations which to this day are known by Lister's name. Quietly and patiently he worked trying to perfect his method. He also took up the question of a material to be used for tying blood-vessels, something which would not cause suppuration and which could be gradually absorbed by the tissues. He wrote that after hundreds of experiments,

each of which added something to his knowledge, a material was evolved which fulfilled all these conditions. In 1869 Lister began to publish the results of his new antiseptic method. His wards in the Glasgow Infirmary were in a very bad position—a few feet away on one side were buried coffins of patients who had died of cholera, while on the other side was a very large and much used graveyard. In spite of this, Lister's wards after he began his antiseptic method were for three years free from the hospital evils of suppuration, while the adjoining wards where the usual treatment was carried out, were at times so full of suppuration and hospital gangrene that they had to be closed. Lister made known his method and proved its value by his many successful cases, but he was attacked on all sides by the members of his profession. It is amazing now to read of the way in which Lister and his methods were criticized. Conservatism—the desire to keep our old beliefs and old ways unchanged—is deep-rooted in us all, and these new ideas about the action of microbes and how to fight against them, meant a revolution in every department of surgery. Many doctors used carbolic, but not according to Lister's method nor with a proper understanding of why it was used, and when these men saw failure instead of success in their cases, they wrote scathing articles against Lister and his work. They spoke of the 'carbolic mania,' of the 'latest toy of the medical profession,' even of 'professional criminality.' And there were many who though not violently opposed were yet indifferent, and so their patients continued to suffer as before, and this beneficent change was kept back for a decade, because men were loth to allow the old order of things to be changed and would not open their eyes to see the marvellous proofs in Lister's wards. In face of this violent opposition or indifference, Lister showed all the qualities of true greatness. He was always gentle, courteous, firm, never used a sharp word. He had absolute faith in his methods and felt if only his professional brethren would come to his wards they would be convinced by the proofs in the persons of his patients.

In 1869 he became Professor of Clinical Surgery in Edinburgh, and there he gradually convinced many of his colleagues who at first were coldly critical. One is glad to read how his students supported him. His great discovery and his scientific spirit interested them and his lectures were always crowded. He won their loyalty by inspiring enthusiasm and giving encouragement. His energy and devotion impressed them. Many

afterwards confessed that their contact with Lister was the best and purest influence of their lives. The old Professor Syme—Lister's father-in-law—also championed his cause, and after he had retired he used sometimes to go round his old wards, now under Lister's care, and saw the difference—patients' wounds and injuries healing up quickly with almost no pain and with none of the awful accompaniments of suppuration. Many doctors now began to visit Lister and see his work. With great patience he went into all the details of his treatment with each one, and those who had taken the trouble to come and see with their own eyes antisepsis at work always went away convinced and ready to put it into practice. On one occasion Lister was called to operate on Queen Victoria who was suffering from a large abscess under the arm. He opened it successfully and put in a piece of gauze soaked in carbolic, to keep the cut open so that the pus might all escape. Next day he found that the pus was not coming away freely, but was collecting in the abscess cavity again. After some thought he decided to put in a piece of rubber tubing which had been well soaked in carbolic. It shows his courage that he dared to try this new method first on the highest lady of the land. But he was justified. The drainage tube acted splendidly and in a few days the abscess was healed. Now in every hospital this method is used when a wound is to be kept open to allow the discharge of pus.

About this time the Franco-Prussian War took place and it is sad to read of the fearful havoc wrought by suppuration in the wounds of the soldiers. Lister was successfully using his method at that time in Edinburgh, but it was not generally known, and none of the army surgeons adopted it in time to save lives and prevent great suffering. The accounts of the War Hospitals at that time are heart-rending. In one hospital, amputations through the knee were performed on thirty-four men in succession and every one died. In Paris it was said that from certain hospitals such a stench arose that they could be recognized from a distance along the street.

A few years later surgeons in Germany adopted Lister's method with enthusiasm. In a hospital in Munich was a doctor—Von Nussbaum—who was greatly distressed at the increasing amount of sepsis in his hospital in spite of cleanliness and great care and attention paid to every patient. In 1872 twenty-six per cent of his patients were attached by hospital gangrene, in 1873 fifty per cent and the following year eighty per cent. The doctor was in despair.

Having heard something of Lister's work he sent one of his assistants to Edinburgh to learn from Lister. On his return, Lister's method in every detail was adopted in the Munich Hospital with marvellous results. The gangrene vanished. In 1875 Dr. Von Nussbaum gave an address which became famous entitled 'Lister's great discovery'. In it he said: 'Lister's treatment is already being greeted by the whole civilized world as an enormous advance. . . . It repays trouble a thousandfold. . . . Look now at my sick wards, recently ravaged by death. I can only say that I and my assistants and my nurses are overwhelmed with joy and undertake all the extra trouble the treatment entails with the greatest zeal.'

Nearly all the German surgeons now adopted Lister's method. In June 1875 Lister visited some of the German towns and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. Professors, students, doctors, members of government and of municipalities all combined to show their gratitude and admiration. The Americans were slow to accept Lister's new methods, and in his own country the London surgeons were still bitterly opposed. In 1877 Lister was asked to become Professor of Surgery at King's College Hospital in London. He would have preferred to remain in Edinburgh. There his greatest friends were, he had a large practice, his assistants and nurses all knew his method perfectly and his students were devoted to him. However Lister felt that the opposition of the London surgeons was preventing antisepsis from being generally adopted, and he believed the only way to convince these men was to live and work amongst them. Accordingly, in spite of a very touching petition from the Edinburgh students who wished him to remain with them, he decided to accept the London post. He made one condition, that he was to be given separate wards to manage and to be allowed to bring his Edinburgh assistants, dressers and nurses. The London doctors were hostile and critical, the students were indifferent, but Lister showed neither temper nor impatience. At first his wards were almost empty. Then he had one or two patients who made marvellous recoveries. One man came who had broken his knee-cap. No surgeon till then had dared to cut down on the broken bone and fasten it with wire for fear of infecting the knee-joint. But Lister had confidence in his antiseptics and did this operation. One famous London surgeon when he heard of this said to his students: 'When this poor fellow dies, some one ought to go to court with that man on a charge of malpractices.' But the 'poor

fellow' did not die—he recovered with a knee as strong as it was before! Very gradually the London surgeons came to see the value of Lister's method, and in two years from his first coming amongst them they were finally convinced.

From that time onwards honours were heaped upon Lister. At an International Congress of Medical Science, meeting in Amsterdam in 1879, 500 doctors from all the countries of Europe met, and amongst them was Lister who was to deliver an address. Here is a description of the reception he got. 'Professor Lister was received by the whole Congress with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. When he stepped forward to the desk to open his address the whole assembly rose to their feet and with deafening and repeated rounds of cheers, hailed the distinguished professor with acclamations renewed time after time. This remarkable scene continued for some minutes until the President taking Lister by the hand as he stood overwhelmed by this magnificent ovation, said 'Professor Lister, it is not only our admiration which offer to you; it is our gratitude and that of the nations to which we belong.'

In 1897 Lister was raised to the peerage taking the title of Lord Lister. Some of you may remember how the late King Edward's coronation had to be postponed because of his sudden illness and the necessity for being operated on for appendicitis. When the coronation did take place, Lister was made a Privy Councillor, and the king on that occasion showed the tact for which he was famous. When it was Lister's turn to step forward and shake hands, the king said: 'Lord Lister, I know well that if it had not been for you and your work I would not have been here to-day.'

Lister was present at Pasteur's Jubilee in 1892 and there again he along with Pasteur had a tremendous reception.

At a banquet given to Lister by the Royal Society in 1902 the American Ambassador expressed in a few simple words what all felt. 'My Lord', he said, 'it is not a profession, it is not a nation, it is humanity itself which with uncovered head salutes you.' So we see that Lister's perseverance and hard work and high ambition had their reward, and full of years and honours he died on February 10, 1912.

We now come to the life of Louis Pasteur, a Frenchman one of whose discoveries as we have seen had a great influence on Lister's work. Pasteur was born in a French village in December 1822. His father was a tanner, and his mother a gardener's

daughter. But though humble people they were both very fine characters and Pasteur in after life was very fond of telling people how much he owed to his parents. We hear of the father himself studying so that he might better teach his son. The boy went to school and was considered a 'good average pupil.' In 1838 he went to Paris to attend a college, but became so depressed and ill from home-sickness that his father came and took him back to his native village. Soon after he went to a college near his home and took first the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards that of Bachelor of Science. It is interesting to note that this student who was to become one of the greatest chemists the world has known, was only marked 'mediocre' for his chemistry examination paper.

In 1842 he again went to Paris and this time did not suffer from home sickness. He entered the 'Ecole Normale', a college for training professors, and was very happy studying from morning to night. He began also teaching his father by correspondence, giving as the reason that he might be able to help Josephine his daughter. It is rather pathetic to read of the old man sitting up at night working at grammar and mathematical problems, preparing answers to send to two boys in Paris. Pasteur was learning to assist in experiments, and difficulties only stimulated him. One characteristic story of him is told. In the chemistry class the students were told how phosphorus is made, but owing to the length of time it would take they were not shown the actual making. However Pasteur was not satisfied. He bought some bones, burnt them to a fine ash, treated this ash with acid, and carefully collected from it sixty grammes of phosphorus. This was his first scientific joy. The letters from his father and mother and sisters at this time show how proud they were of him, and how their one fear was that he might work too hard and injure his health. He began some original work and made some important discoveries regarding the forms of different crystals. His researches began to be talked about among the learned men of Paris. One old professor aged seventy-four was doubtful that such a young man could have discovered things which older and famous men had missed. He offered to try over again Pasteur's experiments and when he discovered his results to be quite correct, he took Pasteur's arm and said, 'My dear boy, I have loved science so much during my life that this touches my very heart.' Soon after Pasteur went to Strasburg as a teacher and there met the lady who soon after became his wife. He wrote of her then

'Every quality I could wish for in a wife I find in her,' and she was indeed a perfect helpmeet. She looked after his health and home and children, she was his confidante and secretary, and shared his joys, anxieties and hopes regarding his work.

About this time Pasteur became interested in a certain acid, and he went off on a pilgrimage to Germany and Austria to find out more about it. He said, 'I shall give ten years, if necessary, to discover the source of this acid.' But within a year he had not only discovered many facts about the acid but had succeeded in making it from another acid. He was full of enthusiasm, full of new projects. In 1854 he was made Professor and Dean of the Faculty of Science at Lille, an important manufacturing town. There he began the study of fermentations which was to lead to such important results. He worked for months and months on these investigations to make sure that he was not mistaken.

In 1857 he returned to Paris as administrator of the 'Ecole Normale' and besides his many other duties he looked after all the arrangements for the comfort and health of the students and roused in them not only a taste but a passion for study. In 1860 Pasteur took up the great question of spontaneous generation—whether life could appear where there was no life—a question which men had discussed and argued about for hundreds of years. After much thought and many experiments he was convinced that fermentation and putrefaction are caused by minute living organisms and that these organisms exist in the atmosphere. It began to dawn on him that such organisms might be the cause of various diseases. Many men of science opposed him and tried to prove his experiments wrong. For four years the discussion went on, but in the end Pasteur was proved to be right. He began to study the diseases of wines, believing that they also were caused by living organisms. After many attempts to find a cure, he discovered that it was sufficient to keep the wines at a temperature of 50° to 60° C. for a few moments in order to prevent them from spoiling. This process is now also used with milk and is called after the man who discovered it 'pasteurization'.

The cultivation of silk-worms was a very important industry in France and continued to prosper till they produced cocoons equal to 100,000,000 francs (seventy-five lakhs of rupees) in one year. But a mysterious disease attacked the eggs and silk-worms. It was first noticed in 1847 and yearly got worse and more widespread till in 1864 it was only from Japan that healthy eggs or 'seed' as it was called, could be had. No one could

discover the cause of this terrible disease and the cultivators were being ruined, and the distress was very great. Pasteur was asked to study this disease and, if possible, find the cause and a remedy for it. Though loth to leave Paris and his laboratory he undertook this task being always ready to do anything to help his beloved France and his fellow-countrymen. He went into the country and began to investigate, using his microscope first and then carrying out countless experiments with the different kinds of eggs. Many silk-worm cultivators were inclined to criticize everything he did. Why should Government have sent a mere chemist to such work? But Pasteur only said, 'Have patience.' He rose early and worked all day, his mind solely occupied with this one question. It took some years before he could fully test his ideas, but in the end he succeeded in finding out how to avoid the disease and as his careful directions began to be followed the silk-worm cultivators saw that the seeming ruin was being turned into success and the whole of France benefited.

In 1868 when he was forty-six years old Pasteur had a shock of paralysis from which he slowly recovered. Even when unable to walk about he would lie on his couch and direct those who were carrying out experiments for him. In 1870 came the Franco-Prussian War which caused great mental suffering and sorrow to Pasteur as to every loyal Frenchman.

In 1878 Pasteur became an Associate of the Academy of Medicine and was brought into contact with members of the medical profession. On the first day that he attended the meeting of the Academy, as he walked to his place, no one among his colleagues suspected that this quiet and unassuming new member would become the greatest revolutionary ever known in Medicine. It was about this time that Lister was perfecting his antiseptic method and a letter which he wrote to Pasteur gave the latter great joy. Among other things Lister said: 'Allow me to take this opportunity to tender you my most cordial thanks for having by your brilliant researches, demonstrated to me the truth of the germ theory of putrefaction and thus furnished me with the principle on which alone the antiseptic system can be carried out. Should you at any time visit Edinburgh, it would, I believe, give you sincere gratification to see at our hospital how largely mankind is being benefited by your labours.'

In 1874 the National Assembly in Paris voted Pasteur an annuity of 12,000 francs, being nearly the amount of the salary he had received as professor, which post he had to resign

owing to his ill-health. It was given as an expression of the gratitude of the nation for Pasteur's many discoveries which had enriched France by millions of francs. Many of his friends now advised him to rest from his labours so as to have more time to give to his family and friends. But those who gave this advice did not understand him. His great soul mastered his infirm body and many of his greatest discoveries were made after this serious illness, when he was of an age when most men retire from active work. The tact and watchful care of his wife kept away from him all outside distractions and his whole time was given to his work. He never went to big social gatherings, nor even to the theatre, but preserved all his strength for his work and found all his pleasures in it too. His family—his wife and children and even grandchildren—became more and more interested in all the details of his work.

From this time the hospitals took a place in his life as well as the laboratory and he was associated more in his work with doctors and veterinary surgeons. It is amazing to find how unwilling the medical profession was to accept his conclusions that there is a definite connection between diseases and living organisms or germs, that diseases are caused by certain distinct germs or ‘ microbes ’, as they began to be called. Pasteur now took up the study of anthrax or splenic fever. This disease attacks sheep, cows, horses and even occasionally human beings. In France it was ruining agriculture. In one province from fifteen per cent to twenty per cent of the sheep died of it. Certain fields and hills seemed to have an evil spell over them and any flocks entering were sure to be attacked by this fatal disease. After months of patient work and ingenious experiments Pasteur not only found out the germ which causes anthrax, but also evolved a method of injecting animals so as to protect them against infection. He was full of enthusiasm and felt that this discovery would lead to many others by which mankind would be helped in the fight against disease and death. He had still many enemies who were hostile and critical or merely indifferent, but in face of his great success they had to own themselves beaten. Pasteur's vaccine against anthrax saved millions to agriculture and in 1881 he was given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour which he accepted on condition that his two helpers should also receive a decoration. Some one said that the money saved by Pasteur's discoveries would alone suffice to pay the war indemnity of five milliards . . . paid by France to Germany after the war of 1870.

Typhoid fever and puerperal fever are among the diseases which about this time were found to be caused by special germs, and every year Pasteur or some of his followers discovered new germs and in many cases also produced a substance which could be injected or inoculated to prevent the disease or to cure it when once a person had been attacked.

Perhaps Pasteur is best known for the work he did on hydrophobia or rabies. Most people in India know what a mad dog or mad jackal is like, and know perhaps by hearsay what the state is of a man who has been bitten and develops hydrophobia. Thanks to Pasteur and the Pasteur Institutes now established in India, few of us have had the horror of witnessing such an illness, but in Pasteur's day it was not rare. In 1880 Pasteur's witnessed the sufferings of a five-year old child who had been bitten a month before. She showed all the symptoms of hydrophobia—spasms, restlessness, shudders at the least breath of air, an ardent thirst yet finding it impossible to swallow, convulsive movements, fits of furious rage. After twenty-four hours of horrible suffering she died. Pasteur concentrated his attention on this disease and gradually after long and patient effort found a preventive vaccine. If he injected this in increasing doses for fourteen days into dogs, it was found that they did not develop rabies when bitten by mad dogs. One day in 1885 Joseph Meister, a little boy of nine years, walked into Pasteur's laboratory with his mother. He had been badly bitten two days before by a mad dog and had fourteen wounds. Now came the question for Pasteur, should he try on this boy the treatment which had been successful in dogs, but had not so far been tried on any human being? He asked advice from two of his friends and they both thought he should give the little boy this chance of life. Without treatment he was almost certain sooner or later to develop the fearful disease. So Pasteur began the injections which were given daily for twelve days. As the dose became stronger Pasteur became more and more anxious. His wife wrote in a letter to her son and daughter, 'My dear children, your father has had another bad night. He is dreading the last inoculation on the child. And yet there can be no drawing back now! The boy continues in perfect health.' Little Joseph was not at all upset by the inoculations and after some weeks Pasteur felt that the boy was safe from any danger of hydrophobia developing, and he felt that 'one of the great medical facts of the century had taken place.'

Thereafter men, women and children who had been bitten by mad dogs came in great numbers to Pasteur for treatment. We read of four children being brought from America and going back well. From Russia came nineteen men bitten by a mad wolf, some of them very badly bitten. It was a fortnight before they reached Pasteur and he felt doubtful if his treatment would be in time, but sixteen out of the nineteen returned healed and well to Russia where they got a great reception. In spite of these successes there were still men who criticized and opposed Pasteur and he one day said sadly, 'I did not know I had so many enemies.' In 1886 the English Government appointed a Commission to go into the subject of Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia. This Commission went very carefully into every point and in 1887 they published their report in which they said that they had verified every one of the facts upon which the method was founded. They said : 'It would be difficult to over-estimate the utility of this discovery.' A great Frenchman at this time said : 'The discovery of the preventive treatment of hydrophobia after a bite, entirely due to Monsieur Pasteur's experimental genius, is one of the finest discoveries ever made.' Pasteur determined to organize a place where his treatment could be carried out, and largely through his influence and out of admiration and gratitude for him, immense sums of money were collected. People far and near, rich and poor, sent their gifts and in one list of contributors was the name of Joseph Meister, Pasteur's first patient, who had caused him so much anxiety and so many sleepless nights. A splendid institute, called the Pasteur Institute was built in Paris—it was to be a great dispensary for the treatment of hydrophobia, a centre of research on contagious diseases, and also a teaching centre. It was opened in 1888 by the President of the French Republic and Pasteur was so overcome by his feelings, that he had to ask his son to read his speech.

Though his health was failing, he used to go daily to the room where his hydrophobia patients got their treatment. He was interested in every patient and especially in the children. 'When I see a child,' he used to say, 'he inspires me with two feelings : tenderness for what he is now, respect for what he may become hereafter.'

On Pasteur's seventieth birthday a great gathering took place to do him honour—famous men, representing the scientific societies of his beloved France and from all over Europe, states-

men, students, all eager to proclaim the greatness of Pasteur's work. In reply Pasteur gave a touching speech, one part of which seems very suitable for us in these days. 'And you, delegates from foreign nations, who have came from so far to give to France a proof of sympathy, you bring me the deepest joy that can be felt by a man whose invincible belief is that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war, that nations will unite, not to destroy but to build, and that the future will belong to those who will have done most for suffering humanity.'

Though now unable to do much himself, Pasteur had the joy of seeing the young men who had learned from him, following in his footsteps, and making great discoveries which were to benefit mankind. One of these discovered the microbe which causes diphtheria and then succeeded in getting a serum which cures that disease so long considered fatal. Another pupil discovered the microbe which causes plague, while a doctor who had worked with Pasteur in his laboratory, discovered the action of the leucocytes—certain cells in the blood.

In November 1894 he had a very serious illness through which he was nursed by not only his family but his friends and pupils who came in turns. His strength gradually failed through the next year. On perhaps his last visit to his old laboratory, he was shown many new microbes and thought of the work being carried out all over the world along the lines that he had begun. 'There is still a great deal to do,' he said. For nearly a year he lived quietly in the country surrounded by his faithful wife, his daughter and his grandchildren. Gradually he became weaker and in September 1895 he passed away at the age of seventy-three.

It is interesting to see in how many things these two great men were alike. (1) They both had high ideals—they wished to help their fellowmen. (2) They both showed great courage and perseverance in face of violent opposition and bitter criticism. (3) They both were scrupulously honest in all their experiments and reports. (4) They were both devoted to their work. The definition of genius is, 'An infinite capacity for taking pains,' and this we certainly see in both Pasteur and Lister. Another interesting point about them is that each was blessed with a wife who was a perfect helpmeet.

Now it seems to me that India is calling out for such men to-day. I believe that every single one of us has a place to fill in

this world which no one else can fill. We cannot all become famous like Pasteur and Lister, but we can try to imitate them—like them let us have high ideals, let us devote ourselves to serving God by serving our fellowmen. Like them let us have courage and perseverance in face of opposition and criticism. There are many things in India to-day which need to be changed, but men of courage are needed who will lead the way. Let us end with words written by Pasteur himself, 'Blessed is he who carries within himself a God, an ideal, and who obeys it; ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of the Gospel virtues; they all reflect light from the Infinite.'

INDIA'S SPIRITUAL CRISIS

By M. Sanjiva Rau, B.A., L.T.

INDIA, having drunk deep draughts out of the swelling waters of western education and western culture, has already entered upon a new order of life.

I. Beneath the so-called 'restless energy and unsettlement of thought' which appears on the surface, there is clearly perceptible—at least, in the case of those sons and daughters of India, into whose hands, the moulding of the future of India has been committed—the restful, settled spirit; the spirit of nationality, which is as dominating, as discriminating as the silent spirit of God. All is welcomed with open arms that can readily be enlisted into the service of this dominating spirit of nationalism; the same spirit discriminates and 'casts out' all that refuses to subserve or compromise it. 'Conversions' are from the spirit of isolation and indifferentism to the spirit of that soul-subduing and God-given vision of the Mother-land 'crowned with a thousand crowns.' Only so much of religion, only that type of religion is welcome, as will effectually add to the momentum of this supreme vision of life. 'Beware of a religion—not according to the national movement!' is the living creed.

The above state of affairs has resulted in the 'exhausting series of religious experiments' which characterized the life of India during the last decades. The main stages of this 'series' are worth consideration. All that was once treated as distinctively Christian, began to appear to the people of this land—'not new: Christianity has only really pointed us back to our own earlier instincts and ideals; it has given us nothing new.' Further, they began to recognize as a positive fact, that 'no religion is worth the name that does not work for spiritual ends and produce men of high and noble character.' What followed is just this, that two classes appeared in the life of the children of India. The one class constitutes those souls who shrink from sin and take vows to guard against it, but who do not know the living and loving God who communes with us in Jesus Christ,

and enables us to triumph in the battle for a life of righteousness, as against a life of darkness, a battle which we would otherwise have given up long ago, in sheer despair of soul. They see before them an austere path of righteousness, but do not see the 'sovereign grace' of God that takes us along that narrow path, with all the promise of His guarantee and sufficiency. They have consequently at last given up the 'attempt for the impossible' and turned their hearts to reach forth unto 'the possible' things of life, and find contentment therein. There is the other class, who tell us about 'direct communion of the human soul with the Supreme Spirit;' which communion, they say, has been continually sustaining them, in 'profound repose' amid the common round of life and duty—which is the religion of the *Gītā*. But whereas the spirit of Jesus Christ intensifies to an infinite degree that eternal opposition between right and wrong, holiness and sin, heaven and hell, which opposites our conscience has from our very childhood felt; and so keeps actively alive the battle between these opposites; the 'Supreme Spirit' of the *Gītā*, on the other hand, gradually obliterates such distinctions and growingly prostitutes the conscience, rendering it 'dead, deader, deadest' (as Rev. Mr. Walker once said) to the ultimate demands of Jesus Christ for the good fight of faith. If the one class gives up the battle for holiness and heaven through sheer sense of despair and helplessness; the other, through false satisfaction increasing within the soul, feels no call for any serious battle. Thus both classes are held in captivity by the Prince of Darkness. Yes, captivity, because they have 'refused to continue to have a full knowledge' of Jesus, who alone can and will grant 'release for captives.'

Dr. Carnegie Simpson in the *Fact of Christ* has clearly set forth the stages of this refusal of Jesus who, while meant to become 'life unto life', can be so abused as to become 'death unto death'. The personal invitations and messages of Jesus, honestly considered by the conscience and the will, raise to a new level the problem of our whole moral life and character. As He touches us, moves with us, and speaks within us, in His characteristically persuasive tone, we begin to discover Him as making a growing demand for a decision on our part, a demand for a clean break with our past, whatever that past be, glorious or inglorious; a break resulting in our closing with the offer of Himself as the Life of our lives, enabling us to follow Him anywhere, everywhere. Such grave issues were unexpected in

those first days when we began to have contact with Jesus. We began by asking Him 'Teacher! what wilt thou have us to do?' and we have growingly discovered that He demands the deliberate and heroic marching forth along His narrow way, a way demanding a certain 'wrench' of the soul, a certain 'death' of the self; the voluntary approximation of our own thoughts and desires to His thoughts and His desires, without hesitations or reserves; and the dedication of self to His interests. Yes, we have discovered this, and after a long struggle we have replied, 'No! Sir! I can't go with you, so far as that!' The reply has brought us a strange and deceiving kind of 'peace'—the peace of inward captivity.

The charm of the battle for holiness and heaven—shall we not say, Christ's battle in us?—has thus ceased in the hearts of men. But man, so long as he is alive, needs something to battle for, and to battle for India, for the Mother-land, seems to be a worthy battle; 'the creativeness, the spiritual passion, the capacity for sacrifice, of the Indian people' are thus called forth with enormous force so as to enrich the Mother-land. Nationalism is 'now welcomed everywhere as a kind of creed, having all the binding force and fervour of religion, and moulding together into a new corporate life disorganized masses of the land. . . . This has affected not the educated alone; it has gone far deeper, has reached down to the masses of the common people.'

II. The significance of the present times is evident when we notice that their closest parallel is in that portion of the history of Israel, when John the Baptist as last of the Prophets and Jesus as the Saviour appeared and wrought in the land of Palestine. If we visualise that period of Israel's history we can see that everything in the life of Palestine was in the melting pot. Nationalism and religion in special, those two potent forces that divide as well as unite mankind, were going through a fiery process, a process which all serious souls watched with keen interest. Nationalism was already sublimated into religion; religion was enlisted in the service of nationalism. The national and religious creed of the time corresponded to Kipling's couplet—

East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet!

Their creed was—Jesus is Jew, Gentile is Gentile; never the twain shall meet. Animated by this creed the entire nation looked forward with longing eyes to the coming of the 'Anointed of God', who would subdue the 'nations' and establish the

'Kingdom of Israel'; who would 'make real' the long-standing Promise. 'The Lord thy God hath promised thee—thou shalt rule over many nations, but they shall not rule over thee.'[1]

It was at such a juncture that John the Baptist and Jesus began their public work.

Many earnest-minded Indians have been saying, 'We believe that God has been in our past history and revelation.' Very good! The Jewish nation had much greater reason to say this. But let us never forget that 'the spirit of prophecy began His work at a time when religion and patriotism had become welded together;' and that John the Baptist, the last of the Prophets, full of the Spirit of the very God who had been in the nation's past history, remonstrated with this very nation, saying: 'You are standing at a crisis of your national history. Follow Jesus, follow Him anywhere and everywhere, lest all the grace of God in all your glorious past shall have been received in vain, lest you be cut down and thrown into the fire!' Dare we forget that Jesus, the 'Anointed of God', seeing a whole nation making the great refusal as they closed their eyes to the God-given vision of life, which He set forth before them, adding 'Follow me'—dare we forget that Jesus wept? Dare we, can we forget, these things? As the noble and self-effacing Baptist gazed upon the dark stream of life in his day, he felt a God-wrought conviction flooding his consciousness, a conviction which is borne in upon us as we study present-day Indian movements; the conviction was simply this, that a new direction of life was imminent! Let Jesus give that new direction and all would turn out right. Let us walk in His way; let us submit to His ordeal of fire. 'Let us see to it that He has an already prepared thoroughfare in our minds and hearts,' said the Baptist. It was clear to John that the imminent test by Jesus was destined to make a sharp division in the world of his day. Some would ascend to new levels, while others incapable of the necessary struggle and re-adjustment would fall back. The fiery ordeal would establish the fitness of each one to survive.

What is Christ's new direction of life? How did Jesus act and live as He stood within the current of the Jewish national and religious aspirations? He set His feet on a new platform of life and action. He put those two forces at work around Him, nationalism and religion, into His Father's Hands, who in the life, teaching, and death of Jesus gave them a new expressiveness.

[1] Deut. xv. 5.

The new direction, the new expressiveness, what is that? 'Not ruling, but serving; not possessing, but giving up; not retaining, but losing. Be salt, be manure; without recognition and without thanks. This is the Father's way, this is My Way! The Father has been working hitherto along this line, and I too am working: Even as I, He also—Follow me, be true sons of the Father!' This was the Eternal Life that Jesus offered, and Israel, wilfully 'blind' to God's way, stiff necked to His 'yoke', refused; and Jesus seeing that all the glorious past, a God-wrought past, was becoming 'in vain', Jesus 'seeing—wept.' Can we really assure our hearts that Jesus is not weeping in this day over India, as He did in that day over Israel?

Our nationalism, our patriotism presents, as in the case of Israel of old, 'the spectacle of a sensitive people with its nerve on edge, feeling acutely every slight, and ready to blaze out at every injustice;' and as unto Israel, so unto us, Jesus has spoken in His life, and much more loudly in His death, saying, 'Be salt, without recognition, without thanks; be manure, without invective, without resentment. Endure *all* things, forgive *all* things, rather than break the law of love.' If we have not yet even so much as the *willingness* and the *desire* to obey at all costs this way of the Christ-life, then we have not yet the spirit of Christ; or, as St. John reminds us, 'Because Jesus is not yet glorified, therefore the spirit is not yet.' What the Holy Spirit is ethically, to what issues or in what temper it works, we can see *only* from the life of Jesus; it takes nothing less than that life itself, from beginning to end, to show us what the spirit means: 'If the last evangelist tells us that the spirit interprets Jesus, the inference from the first is that Jesus also interprets the spirit and that only through Him, can we know what it means.' And what do we see set forth in the death of Jesus, which is no mere incident, but the heart and crown—the Supreme Fact—of His life-ministry? No other man in the whole history of the world was so able to plead his own cause as Jesus; no other man had so good a cause to plead as He. Which of us would 'choose to perish in miserable dishonour and to suffer the apparent extinction of any cause of which we are the champions, rather than break the law of love. and stir up force to offer battle to our brothers, in thought or word or deed?' But Jesus held his peace; the Faith, the Joy that so to perish and suffer would not be in vain—was His Spirit. This was the spirit of Jesus as the Apostles understood Him.[1] If our spirit is not going

[1] 1 Pet. ii. 21-3; v. 12.

to find its true 'Home' of activity in this Spirit of Jesus, then another spirit, the Prince of this world, will determine all our movements, all our social, political, industrial and other activities, so determine as to finally 'land us in darkness.'

How significant are the words:—

> Yet again, He fixeth a day—when He says—
> *To-day*, when you hear My Voice
> Harden not your hearts!

'All that Jesus taught of the character of Heaven, was His own personal character. All that He vouched of God was that He had the same character. All that He promised for the future was that His servants should dwell with Him . . . . Which of us *to-day* have, or in the near future will have, the fitness to survive in His presence?'

MIRABAI'S CAREER AND TRADITIONS

By S. S. Mehtā

NABHAJI is a well-known Vaishnava Devotee who distinguished himself as the author of *Bhaktamala*. It is believed to have been written in the year A.D. 1612; and another writer named Priyadāsa has written a running commentary on it. He has sung of Mirābāi in the following way:

Sadrisha Gopina prema pragata kalijugahi dikhāyo
Nīrankusa ati nidara rasīka jasarasana gāyo
Dushtana dosha bichārī mrityuko udyama kīyo
Bara na bānko bhayo garala amrita jyon piyo
Bhakti nisāna bajāyake kahū ten nahin laji
Loka lāja kula śrinkhalā taji Mirā Girdhara bhaji.

सदृश गोपिनप्रेम प्रगट कलिजुगहि दिखायो
निरकुंश अति निडर रसिक जस रसना गायो
दुष्टन दोष बिचारी मृत्युको उद्यम कीयो
बार न बांको भयो गरल अमृत ज्यों पीयो
भक्ति निसान बजायकें काहू तें नाहीं लजो
लोक लाज कुल शृंखला तजो मीरां गिरधर भजो ॥

Further on, Nābhāji has pronounced Meratā as the birth place of Mirā, but has failed to assign any date or year to her birth. Next was the turn for Colonel Tod to make certain statements in connexion with the great devotee—but they have undergone a modification on account of more modern researches. In his *Rajasthan* while writing about Mirābāi, Colonel Tod has introduced her in one place as the daughter of Dudāji, and the queen of Kumbhā Rānā; whereas, in another place, he has called her the daughter of Ratnasinh and the queen of Kumbhā Rānā.

This itself bespeaks an error of judgment. Then came the distinguished Poet Dayarama who wrote that:

> Jemala Rāṭhod ni Dikari re, suṇo medatā enun nāma
> Rupa guna samovada nahin, rudun dharyun Mirabai nāma.
>
> जेमल राठोडनोदीकरोरे, सुणो मेडता एनुं नाम;
> रूपगुण समोवड नहिं रूडुं धर्युं मीरांबाई नाम.

Dayaram, too, has failed to assign any date of birth to her. Writers and critics ever since have followed the dictum of the last two authorities and have characterized her as the daughter of Jayamal and the queen of Rānā Kumbhā. In a recent publication of Mirābāi's biographical sketch, it has been pointed out that the author of *Mahajana-Mandala*—Mr. Maganlal—has placed Mirā's birth in Neretā, in the year A.D. 1424; so also has the author of *Satī Mandala* placed it in the year A.D. 1524.

The legally accurate and otherwise sublime thinking of the late learned Govardhanram has marked her time of worldly career as lying between A.D. 1403 and 1470; but no trace is found of her date of birth. Another writer guessed it to be A.D. 1419 and the indefatigable worker in the field of Gujarati literature, the late scholar Ichharam Dasai, in his *Kāvya Dohana*, Part II, has stated that in A.D. 1403, Mirā was born in the House of Medatā in Marwad, and was the queen of Kumbhā Rānā of Udaipur; and that she went the way of all flesh in Dwarikā in A.D. 1470. Other critics have followed the dictum of one or another of the two learned scholars. Mr. Jaysukhlal Joshipura, a close student of Gujarati literature has considered Mirā to have been born in A.D. 1403, but has at the same time regarded as synchronous with Nrisimh Mehtā; and has placed her date of departure from the physical world in A.D. 1470. In fact, many competent scholars and well-recognized authorities such as Kavi Narmadashankar, Professor Anandshankar Dhruva, Rao Bahadur Ramanbhai Nilkanth and others of less eminence have regarded Mirā as the wife of Kumbhā.

In the meantime, it will be worthwhile to turn our attention to the critics of upper India, who can be looked upon as situated on the vantage ground of fresh researches. The result can be here summarized briefly in so far as the net results of their views are concerned.

Babu Kartikprasad has assigned A.D. 1419 to Mirā's birth; and Munshi Deviprasad, a resident of Marwar, as well as the

author of Mirābāi's career मीरांबाईकी शब्दावलि और जीवन चरित्र), and also Pandit Gaorishankar and Mrs. A. Besant, have all cried ditto to the dictum of Munshi Deviprasad; in the same was Mr. M. Macauliffe, a writer in the pages of the *Indian Antiquary*, followed suit; and all have in the same breath placed her birth between A.D. 1499 and 1504.

In the midst of the tangled growth of traditions, moreover, woven by time round Mirā's life and of the conflicting opinions of learned critics, it is a hard task to toil through them, and trace the right year to the proper place and proper time of her birth as well as death. It was destined, as it were, for Mr. Tansukhram Tripathi, the worthy son of his worthier father to sift the existing evidence, and bring out a provisional but pronounced conclusion in his Introduction to *Kāvya Dohana*, Part VII, and the whole of it deserves a careful perusal; so also does the Epitome alluded to above which is published by the Educational Department of Baroda, although its range is not too high or all embracing.

While pouring out from the depth of her heart some priceless words of Sermon addressed to Rānāji, who has been represented by tradition to have persecuted Mirā, she has sung the following as the closing portion of her hymn :—

राणाजीरे दुदाजीनी बाई मीरां बोलियां रे;
संतोनो अमरापुरवास, बीजा नरकनी खाण रे.

Rānāji re dudājini bai Mirā boliyān re|
Santono Amarāpura Vāsa, bijā narakni, khāna re.

It was and is a custom prevalent among the Hindus to be designated and recognized by a patronymic and Dudaji was the grandfather of Mirā, as will be evident in the sequel. The materials at the disposal of a research are scanty, beyond traditions that still linger on; but the historical records of Marwar, as well as other historical writings of Indian and European fame, and thirdly, some Bardic writings extant that preserve the memory of the valiant Rajput races in their rhapsodies have been valuable sources of throwing fresh light on the life and career of Mirā.

Mandor or Mandonar was the capital of the Rao of Jodhpur; and the Muslim ruler subjugated it. Rao Chundāji alias Rao Chāndā reconquered it in A.D. 1396; and established the Rathod

kingdom there. His only princess Hansā was married to Lākhāji, the Rānā of Mewad; and this Lākhā Rānā was the grandfather of Kumbhā Rānā. Chundāji, again, did not bequeath his kingdom to the eldest born, the heir-apparent to the Gādi—Prince Ridmalji—alias Ranmal—but to the second born, prince Kānāji, the heir presumptive. Ranmal, thereupon felt his pride wounded to the utmost, and fled away in a self-mortified mood to Mewad; so that there he was equipped with all resources of a fight by his nephew, the Rānā of Chittore, Raol Mokalji. This came about so late in time that Kānāji was not alive, but Sattāji was on the throne of Mandore. He was defeated by Ranmal. who recovered his own rightful dominion.

In the meantime, the following genealogical tables will point out the father's and father-in-law's houses of Mirā, connecting her with both the kingdoms of Mewar and Marwar:

Jodhpur Rajas of Marwar :—

Rao Chundāji

Rao Ridmal alias Ranmalji

Rao Joddhaji

(1) Rao Sujāji (Jodhpur)

(2) Kumar Bikaji (Bikaner)

(3) Kumar Dudāji

- Viramji
  - Jaymal
- Ratnasinh
  - Mirābai.

House of Chittod Rānās of Mewad :—

Rānā Lākhaji

Rana Mokalji

Rana Kumbhaji (A.D. 1419 to 1469)

- Rana Udaisinh (A.D. 1469 to 1474)
- Prithvi Raj
- Rai Malji (A.D. 1474 to 1509)
  - Rana Sangramsinh alias Sanga

(1) Kumar Bhojraj — Mirābai

(2) Rana Ratnasinh (A.D. 1528 to 1531)

(3) Rana Vikramāditya (A.D. 1531 to 1536) Rānā Pratapsinh

Rānā Udaisinh (A.D. 1542)

Mirā has sung about herself :

महियर मारुं मेडतुंरे, ने सासरियुं चित्तोड,

Mahiyar mārun Medatun re, ne Sāsariyun chittod.

This is right; but even in the line it is not quite clear to whom she was married and hence a difference of views. The old school of critics unite her name as married to Rānā Kumbhāji, and the new school leads us to believe that she was tied in wedlock with Kumar Bhoja Raj, the grandson of the same Kumbhā Rānā. Of course, it need not be said with any great emphasis that the royal lines of Mewad and Marwad were closely interwoven with each other, and the history of the one leads us to solve successfully the knotty problems arising out of the history and tradition mixed up together in the other.

It is said that Rao Chundāji sent round the cocoanut—a well-known symbol of betrothal, in fact a symbol of future bridegroomship—on behalf of his only daughter, Princess Hansā, for Prince Chāndā, the heir apparent to the Gādi of Lākhā Rānā. The latter out of joke remarked that being too old for the offer of betrothal, he could not accept it, but that he would resign in favour of his Prince Chāndā. This was sufficient for provoking the anger of Chāndā, who not only did not go in for his own betrothal, but went even to the length of resigning his claim to the Gādi in favour of the issue begotten by his father in Hansā, after the celebration of marriage. He plighted his troth in this way; and Lākhā Rama did marry her. Mokalji was the issue so that he ascended the Gādi, and Chāndā conducted the reins of administration during his minority, so ably and dispassionately that even till this date, the lineage of this very Chāndā at present denominated as Salumbrāji are real administrators of the kingdom of Udaipur, so far so that papers and documents devoid of the seal and signatures of the present representative of his line signify no official authentication or recognition.

On the other side, Rao Ridmalji deprived Rao Satāji of his paternal Gādi to which he was rightfully entitled. In the meantime, owing to internecine bickerings Rānā Mokalji was killed by his Khawās—his orderly, and confident. Ridmal hastened his course to Chittod, captured the Khawās, put him to death summarily, and seated his son Kumbhāji on the throne, in A.D. 1419. Kumbhā Rānā was yet a minor, and the Dowager Rani, the mother of the minor prince, prevailed upon Ridmal to administer the Kingdom of Chittod. It is clear at this stage to

note that Ridmal was the Rāthod Raja of Mandovar, and was entitled to the honour of a Royal Umbrella and other paraphernalia peculiar to independent kingship.

At this juncture, intrigues began to be hatched in Chittore. The low class Khawas attendants of the royal family could not brook the unending superiority of Ridmalji alias Ranmalji, who shared the throne and sat on the same Gādi as the minor. Salumbrāji evacuated Chittod by their departure ever since the advent of Ranmal was made much of; and Mewad was full of Marwar rulers. So, on the next Dasera day, while the annual procession was parading through the streets in full pomp, the Rathods under Ranmal were humbled down and defeated, when he the valiant leader was killed as a result of a long woven plot. Jodhā, the young son of Ranmal, saw his brave father fall under the blows of plotters and he fled away from the field for life. The followers of Chandāvat encompassed the defeat and he himself pursued Jodha and his attendants but their trace could not be recovered. Eventually, however, Chandāvat reached Mandor and subjugated it, put to rout the brave warriors of Jodha with the minor prince who all wandered in different places for twelve long years, and thus relieved Mewad from the paws of Marwad, in A.D. 1444.

It is already known to the average reader of literary and historical records of Gujarat and Rajputana that Mahārānā Kumbha was at once a sovereign, a soldier and a scholar. A distinguished writer of more modern date, Mr. Hara Vilas Sarda has placed at the disposal of the interested public the result of his laborious researches in the form of Monographs on Kumbhā and Sangā Rānās, which deserve careful perusal. He has made certain improvements on the monumental work of Colonel Tod, which, no doubt, claims our attention as a 'wonderful work,' since, if not unfailing source, it is all the same the chief source of enlightenment. Subsequently, epigraphic finds discovery of manuscripts and other sources of antiquarian researches have thrown profuse light on what remained concealed up to now behind the veil of darkness or obscurity. And yet, with no degree of certainty can the student of history pronounce the present sources of information as exhaustive or final in any way.

The reason, too, of this statement is not far to seek. The knowledge about the history of Rajputana and the then known politics of Gujarat lies—not confined to any works or manuscripts but—scattered in journals, pamphlets, manuscripts, books and

coin collections. The researcher and the scholar has to made through the intricate mazes and try his utmost to pave out a smooth path; but that is capable of being accomplished not by the labour of a few years but extending over a whole life.

The author of *Kumbha Rana,* Mr. H. B. Sarda has remarked:

'In writing this book, I have made full use of all the inscriptions of the time of Mahārānā Kumbha:and his father Mokal —many of them unpublished—the Kumbhalgarh, the Chittorgarh (Tower of Victory), the Ranpur, the Eklingji Temple and the Mount Abu inscriptions, as well as of the celebrated work, Eklinga Māhātmya the only known manuscript copy of which is in the possession of Rai Bahdur P. Gaurishankar Ozā.'

Following this authority, it will be worthwhile to trace the history of Kumbhā Rana, so as to connect Mirā with the illustrious heroes of Mewar, who were famous as the protectors and defenders of 'Dharma' religious duty or duty towards God. They claim descent from the Sun, and it is a patent fact in history that for about 1,400 years Guhilot or Gehlot family of the Solar dynasty or 'Sūrya Vamśa' ruled over Mewar without a break. Mr. H. B. Sarda has observed:—Their immortal deeds, their chivalrous character, their high ideals, their elevated and noble patriotism have placed them at the head of the Hindu nation and earned for them the richly deserved title of 'the Sun of the Hindus.' It is acknowledged on all hands that the fame of Jaitra Sink, Hamir, Kumbhā, Sāngā, Pratap and Rāja Sink has outlived history and survived the shocks and wrecks of time.

The rule of Kumbhā extends from the year A.D. 1433 to A.D. 1468; and Colonel Tod in a very pithy and terse manner observes that 'all that was wanting to augment Mewar's resources against the storms which were collecting on the brows of Caucasus and the shores of Oxus, and were destined to burst on the head of his grandson, Sāngā, was effected by Kumbhā, who with Hamir's energy, Lākhā's taste for arts, and a genius comprehensive as either and more fortunate, succeeded in all his undertakings, and once more raised the Crimson banner of Mewar upon the banks of the Coggar, the scene of Samarsi's defeat.'

The story about Lākhā's sally of wit has been eloquently and impressively recited by Mr. H. B. Sarda, and it will not be amiss to cite his words at some length here: 'Lakha was advanced in years, and his sons established in suitable domains

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when the coconut came from the Rao of Mandawar (Mandor) to affiance his daughter, Ran Mal's sister to the heir of Mewar. When the embassy was announced Chāndā, the heir of Mewar was absent, and the old chief was seated in his chair of state surrounded by his court. The messenger of Hymen was courteously received by Lākhā who observed that Chāndā would soon return and take the gage; for added he, drawing his fingers over his moustachios "I don't suppose you send such play things to an old grey beard like me." This little sally was applauded and repeated. Chāndā, offended at delicacy being sacrificed to wit, declined to accept the symbol which his father had even in jest supposed might be intended for himself.'

It was this Chāndā whose unexampled conduct of true and well-tried fidelity gave him undisputed precedence for ever in the council; and that is still maintained in all the grants of the Rana of Mewar. Mokal, too, ascending the throne in A.D. 1397 defeated Mahommed Taghlakh in the field of Raipur and performed many other exploits to preserve the paternal tradition.

In the meantime, let us for a while pause and ponder over the Moslem sway in India. The invasion of Taimur and the flight of Mahommed Taghlakh in A.D. 1398 destroyed the power of the Taghlakh rulers. At this time, Gujarat along with Malwa and other places declared their respective independence. Gujarat it is with which we are not the less concerned in the present treatment of the subject. The Vaghelas belonging to the Chalukya dynasty ruled over the land of Gujarat till, in A.D. 1297 Sultan Alla-ud-din Khilji conquered it. The Chorās who had founded Anhilwad were succeeded by the Chalukyas; and Siddharaj Jaisinh and Kumar Pal carried Gujarat to the Zenith of its power and glory, when Malwa, Chittoor and Ajmer were all conquered, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But then came the irony of fate so that from A.D. 1297 to A.D. 1407 Gujarat was a tributary of Delhi. Kumbhā Rānā defeated the Viceroy of Gujarat in A.D. 1454.

The kingdom of Malwa, too, continued to exist till in A.D. 1571 Akbar made it a province of his empire. Mahommed Khilji was imprisoned for six months in Chittoor, and then the Maharana magnanimously set him free without a ransom.

Rao Jodha with many feats of extraordinary prowess recovered his patrimony, Mewar. He started with the raid of Mandor; and eventually Mahārānā Kumbha lost Mandor after seven years of occupation, and Jodha won it back by the sword.

In A.D. 1442 the Mahārānā of Mewar left Chittoor and went to invade Hārāvati; but his own territories were exposed to the danger caused by Sultan Mahommed Khilji. The Mahārānā was one too many for the Sultan and he defeated the latter. Kumbhā Rānā defeated the Sultan of Nagor.

The Eklinga Māhātmya composed during Kumbha's life-time states: 'He defeated the king of the Shakas (Mussalmans) put to flight Mashiti (Mujohid?), slew the heroes of Nagpur (Nagor), destroyed the fort, filled up the moat round the fort, captured elephants, imprisoned Shaka women and punished countless Mussalmans. He gained a victory over the King of Gujarat, burnt the city (Nagor) with all the mosques therein, liberated twelve lakhs of cows from the Moslems, made the land a pasture for cows and gave Nagor for a time to Brahmanas.'

This Kumbhā was murdered by his son Udai Sink, who is otherwise known as 'Udo Hatiāro.' 'Thus,' says Mr. H. B. Sarda 'after a reign of thirty-five years—a reign full of glory and splendour—Kumbhā departed from this world, leaving behind him a name which is honoured in History and remembered to this day as that of one of the greatest sovereigns whoever ruled in India.'

About Sāngā, Forbe's Rasa Mālā has the following: The array of Islám was broken by the fury of Rajputs, several officers of distinction were killed; Mubariz-ul-mulk himself was severely wounded; his elephants were taken, and the whole force was driven in confusion towards Ahmedabad. Sāngā Rānā now plundered the surrounding country at his leisure; he spared the Brahmanas of Vadnagar, but finding Visalnagar defended against him, he took it by assault, slaying the Mahommedan Governor. Having thus revenged himself for the insult which had been offered to him, he returned unopposed to Chittoor.[1]

Mewar at that time was at the zenith of glory, power and prosperity. Malwa was conquered and incorporated with Mewar, Ajmere taken and Abu was reduced to submission, along with Gwalior and many other places. Gujarat had been plundered and then relinquished. The Maharana Yasha Prakaśa states:—
Ibrahim pūrava disha na ulatai; pachham mudafar na de payāṇa; dakkaṇi Mahamadshah na daude; Sango daman trahūn surataṇa.

[1] (P. 295.)

इब्राहीम पूरबदिशा न उलटै
पछम मुदाफर नदे पयाण
दखणो महमदशाह नदोडे
सांगो दामण त्रहू सुरताण ॥

On the east of Mewar, Ibrahim Lodi cannot advance; Muzaffar of Gujarat cannot come towards the west; Mahmud Shah Khilji cannot move towards the south; in this way Mahārānā Sāngā has bound the feet of the three Sultans.

This Sāngāji had twenty-eight queens, seven sons and four daughters. The eldest son Bhoja Raj was married to the celebrated Mirābāi, daughter of Ratna Sinh, younger brother of Viramdeva of Merta. Bhoja Raj was in his princedom that while yet his father was alive, he died.

The error in the judgment of Colonel Tod has been pointed out above at the proper place, when he considered Mirā to be Kumbhā Rānā's queen. For Kumbhā was killed in A.D. 1467; while Mirā's grandfather, Duda, became Raja of Merta after that year. Mirā's father, Ratna Sinh was killed in the battle of Khanna fifty-nine years after Kumbhā's death, and her cousin Jaymal at Chittoor during Akbar's attack, ninety-nine years after Kumbhā's death. Now, Mirā was married to Prince Bhoja Raj in A.D. 1516—she being born in A.D. 1498 and died in A.D. 1546-7 at Dwarka, situated in Kathiawar. So far is the historical data furnished by Vira-Vinoda Chaturkula Charitra and Māhārānā Sāngā's life.

It is quite clear at this stage to notice that Mirābāi, a pitiable martyr to her own faith that was opposed to the faith of her husband's kinsmen, became a household name in Mewar and Marwar, though not quite so effectively in Gujarat. Her name was a Shibboleth for meek and mild fealty and steadfast devotion to the Divine Krishna with whom her heart and soul became inseparably wedded. The following genealogical tree is

repeated here inasmuch as it is borrowed from a Hindi booklet called 'Mirābai kā jivan charitra':

- Rao Chundāji Rathod
  - Rao Ridmalji
  - Rao Joddhāji
    - Rao Sujaji
      - Vāghaji
        - Gāngāji
          - Māladevji
    - Dudaji (Medatā)
      - Viramji
        - Jaimalji
      - Ratna Sinh
        - Mirābāi

II

- Rānā Lakhaji
  - Rānā Mokalji
    - Rānā Kumbhāji
      - Udā
      - Rai Malji
        - Mahārānā Sāngāji
          - Bhoja Raj married to Mirābāi
          - Ratna Sinh
          - Vikrama-jit
          - Udarsinh

REVIEWS

A Great Encyclopaedia [1]

This monumental work proceeds steadily upon its way undeterred by the convulsions and cataclysms of contemporary affairs. The tenth volume which deals with subjects from *Picts* to *Sacraments* has just been issued. The only effect that the war seems to have had upon it is to increase the price and to reduce the number of its Teutonic contributors. These have not been altogether eliminated, but we suspect that the articles by Professors Garbe and Jolly that appear in this volume were written and handed over to the Editor before the war broke out. Certainly this is the case in regard to other articles by Professor Garbe, for several of his articles, including one on *Sāmkhya* which has not yet been reached in the Encyclopædia, were published in the *Indian Interpreter* many years ago by the courtesy of the Editor of the Encyclopædia, Dr. Hastings. The Teutonic orientalist is not, however, greatly missed when his place is taken by scholars such as Professors Macdonell and Berriedale Keith, Drs. Grierson and Farquhar and Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson.

Oriental learning forms, of course, only one department of the variety of subjects with which this Encyclopædia deals and other departments are handled by philosophers, theologians and scholars who write with no less authority on their subjects than those whom we have named. For example, no one, since the death of William James, could write with more authority of Pragmatism than Mr. F. C. S. Schiller who deals with it here. It will be remembered that he is the parent of the closely allied type of thought called by him Humanism and here described as 'a systematic extension of pragmatism'. He claims that that the 'pragmatist doctrine that truth, right, and good, being relative to circumstances, though not less precious on that

[1] *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, edited by James Hastings, vol. x. Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark.

account, must be different for different persons' 'is highly conducive to toleration and social harmony.' Scepticism of any sort is probably so to some extent, but it is not for that reason a state of mind that one can be satisfied with. Pragmatism's emphasis on the relation of thinking to personality and on the ideas of worth that personality implies is certainly valuable and had been too much neglected by absolutist speculation but that does not mean that the subjective interests of the individual are to be made the standard of objective truth.

Among the many deeply interesting subjects treated in this volume it is difficult to make a choice, but reference may be made to the article on Race by Mr. Arnold Toynbee. Mr. Toynbee discusses the reason why, while European civilization has been making constant and vigorous progress from the Middle Ages, 'racialisation' has been and is still so strong a force bearing it in the opposite direction. Democracy, he says, is the anti-racial tendency which is ever striving to release large areas from race-feeling, and yet in the recent war nationality has been powerfully asserting itself. How is this conflict to be reconciled with the progress of Western civilization if the spirit of race and nationality is a retrogressive force? His answer is that progress is the effect of a number of varied forces in conflict, so that the Reformation, for example, combined a descent towards the national state with a great victory for freedom of thought and conscience. 'The stimulation of race feeling,' in that instance and in others in our own day, 'was often only the lesser backwash of a forward wave—the toll which liberation of mind and will had to pay to slavery'. Such a broad historical view helps to reconcile us to some of the more disappointing aspects of the present situation in the world.

One of the most interesting and valuable series of articles in this volume is on Prayer. It is noticeable that while this subject is discussed in nineteen separate articles dealing with prayer as found in the religious life of all kinds of peoples from the Babylonians to the Finns and Lapps, there is no article treating of prayer in Hinduism. Why is this? Is it a justifiable omission? Even Buddhism, though it denies God, has a place for prayer in the sense of 'an expression of earnest faith, determined intention, a means of self-perfection in Buddhist ideals.' It may well be maintained that the place of a religion, as low or high, can very well be estimated according to the character of the prayer-life that it creates. Of the Jains Mrs. Stevenson says,

'there is no room in the Jain system for intercession.' 'It is impossible for them logically to offer up prayers for the success of the Allied cause, as the Muhammadans and Hindus frequently do.' But are the Hindus able to do such a thing? Is there a place for such intercession in their temple worship? Is it not the case that their meetings in connexion with the war resolved themselves into lectures on its causes?

There is very much that one would like to refer to in other articles, such as those on Pilgrimage, Priest, Purification, but enough has perhaps been said to indicate that the high level of this Encyclopædia is being fully maintained. The accuracy of its proof-correcting is a continual astonishment. This reviewer has only noticed one misprint, namely, *mātā* for *mālā* on p. 848, col. 1.

N. M.

From the Brahmo Samaj to Christianity[1]

THIS is an extremely interesting account by Mr. Manilal C. Parekh of the influences which led him onward until he found himself constrained to declare himself a Christian and to enter the Christian Church. In doing so he believes himself to be loyal to Keshub Chunder Sen and to the 'Christo-centric' attitude which he advocated in the Samaj. Mr. Parekh's account of the conflict between the views of those in the Samaj who desired it to be Christo-centric and those who would make it 'Keshub-centric' is of great interest and importance. 'Rev. Promotho Lal Sen', he says, . . . 'told me that when Max Müller wrote his well-known letter to Babu P. C. Moozomdar in the year 1900 asking him to join the Anglican Church along with the whole of the Brahmo Samaj, he, i. e. Rev. Promotho Lal Sen, and several young men of the New Dispensation were for the proposal . . . From that time till now I believed that we of the New Dispensation at least should be affiliated as a branch of the Anglican communion, and all these years I at least called myself a Christian as well as a Hindu.' Another most interesting influence

[1] *From the Brahmo Samaj to Christianity*, by Manilal C. Parekh, pp. 18, Price 1 anna. Madras, Christian Literature Society, 1919.

in Mr. Parekh's spiritual history was that of the *Vachanamrit*, of Swami Narayan, the notable Vaishnavite reformer who lived in Gujerat early in last century. 'It was this book,' he says, 'that I found my best commentary on the Bible, strange as it may appear to some.' 'It was the spirit of the purest Vaisnavism, embodied in a man of remarkable spiritual power and genius, that was making its appeal to me through that book.' We have here in Mr. Parekh's spiritual history a rare and striking instance of a seeker approaching Christ by what seems the true and natural road, the way of an increasingly articulate and noble theism on the one hand and of devout desire on the other. At the junction of these two roads he met Christ and recognized Him as his Master. This record of his experience should be widely read.

N. M.

Songs of Pilgrimage [1]

THIS little collection of religious poems forms one of a series of devotional publications called 'The Inner Shrine'. Other volumes that have already appeared are Selections from the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and from the *Imitation* of Thomas Á Kempis. These books, which are 'prepared with special reference to India's needs,' are most charmingly got up in blue wrappers at the extraordinarily moderate price of 4 annas. The *Songs of Pilgrimage* have been selected by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson and consist of sixty poems of Christian devotion all of which view man's life as a pilgrimage to God who is his Home. Round that thought which has always been prominent in the literature of Christian experience Mrs. Stevenson has skilfully gathered a sequence of religious verse that one may turn to again and again for cheer and consolation. We cannot commend too warmly this beautiful little book.

For one to whom poetry and the inner life of the soul are both precious such a book as this awakens in the memory many echoes of 'the melodies of the everlasting chime.' Mrs. Stevenson

[1] *Songs of Pilgrimage.* Selected by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, M.A., Sc.D., Calcutta. Association Press, 5 Russell Street. pp. 72.

could choose out of the abundance of material that was available no more than sixty songs, and it must have been hard to refuse admission to many a verse that was beautiful and precious. In selecting devotional poems, too, we have to remember that the claims of poetry are not paramount. Something quite simple and with no claim to rank high as a work of art may yet by some hint that it brings, by some association that it bears with it, unseal deep and living fountains. Therefore the ordinary canons do not hold in judging such an anthology as this. Judged indeed as poetry alone its rank would be high, but every page has another spell that ministers strength and renewed courage and consolation. In her choice Mrs. Stevenson has, no doubt, been inevitably and properly guided by her own experience. For example, as poetry, the hymn, 'Like a river glorious,' may be rather poor stuff, but it speaks daily a message of peace and power to many. For that reason it has a right to its place. For the same reason there are others that another's experience would have chosen before some here. 'O God of Bethel', for example, and 'The Lord's my shepherd' are pilgrimage songs that have a long and rich history of comfort, but Mrs. Stevenson has preferred others before them because, perhaps, they have not spoken so to her. There are inevitably others as well that one misses. An anthology is after all a collection of poems that some one else chooses and not I, and so it always seems to challenge one. Under the heading 'The Rule of that Land is Service,' are only two poems, both by J. R. Lowell, but the pilgrim's trumpet call to service to-day is the rediscovered message of an older and far greater poet, William Blake.

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire,
I shall not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall the sword sleep in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

And one can ill spare the mediæval rapture of 'Jerusalem the Golden.' Mrs. Stevenson must have deliberately omitted 'Lead, kindly Light', but surely its prayer makes the orange boat in the Mediterranean where Newman wrote it a sacred shrine for all groping pilgrims. Mrs. Stevenson has admirable

brief notes on the authorship of the poems included in her collection appended to each and in one of these she accepts the view that St. Francis Xavier is the author of 'O God, I love Thee; not that my poor love.[1] Recent investigation, however, has demonstrated that the hymn is not his 'though it is very likely that the saint made a copy of the Spanish sonnet on which the hymn is based, and carried it about with him.'

It is sometimes maintained that the devotional life of the Christian Church is much less rich to-day than it was in the Middle Ages when the great devotional classics were written, that the life of active benevolence has made the deep inner life of contemplation much rarer and more difficult to attain. It is true that it is not as easy as it was in the days of À Kempis or even of John Bunyan to unveil the secrets of the inner life. But what it is impossible to do in prose can be done without offence in verse and hence we see in modern times devotional poetry taking the place of those outpourings of the heart that seem to us perhaps too intimate to be made known. *Secretum mei mihi*, we say: the heart keeps its secret hid. But what would be strained and self-conscious in prose finds in verse its natural expression. Hence to appreciate the inner life of devotion of the Christian Church to-day one has to turn to a great and unequalled company of poets and verse writers who 'look in their heart and write'. Few of them are great, perhaps, as poets, but what period has a richer harvest than this has of intense and devout poetic utterance? There come at once to mind such names as—in the Roman Church—Newman and Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson, and Katherine Tynan and in the non-Roman Churches Keble and Faber and Trench and Moule, Horatius Bonar and George Matheson and Walter Smith and William Canton. Many whose names cannot be numbered have found in verse a medium by which to express that love and adoration which must have utterance. Some of those whom we have named are represented in Mrs. Stevenson's collection. We cannot expect that all will be. But there is yet another name, greater than any, the name, we believe, of one of the very greatest religious poets that the English language knows and we can explain the absence of anything by her from this collection only on the supposition that copyright prevented their

[1] E. A. Stewart's *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, p. 238, note.

inclusion. No selection of Songs of Pilgrimage could possibly omit, if it were to deserve the name, Christina Rossetti's *Uphill*—

(Does the Road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole, long day?
From morn till night, my friend.)

or these other splendid lines,

The goal in sight. Look up and sing.
Set faces full against the light.
Welcome with rapturous welcoming
The goal in sight.

Let be the left; let be the right.
Straight forward let your footsteps ring
A wild alarm through the night;

Death hunts you. Yea, but reft of sting.
Your bed is green; your shroud is white.
Hail, life and death and all that bring
The goal in sight!

That is the song of the pilgrim as sung for all time by a great poet and great saint.

N. M.

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BOOKS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

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